

JEPHTHA,
A N
ORATORIO.

In TWO PARTS.

Compos'd by Dr. GREENE.



L O N D O N :

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The PERSONS represented are,

JEPHTHA,

JEPHTHA's Daughter.

First and { *Elder of GILEAD.*
Second }

CHORUS of Elders, Soldiers, Virgins,
&c.



SCENE before JEPHTHA's House in
the Land of IOB.



PART I.

Scene before JEPHTHA's House.

SCENE I. *Elders of GILEAD entering.*

CHORUS.

*THE Sons of Gilead, seek the Lord,
Your saddest, humblest Strain prepare.
Thou God provok'd, O sheath the Sword,
And thy returning People spare.*

First Elder. JAIR, great Judge of Israel, is
no more.

Offended Heaven corrects its rebel Sons,
And sells us to our Foes—From *Mispeh's* Plains,
Humbling before the Lord our Heads to Earth,
Hither our wearied March we've led, to seek
Another Leader 'gainst th' invasive Force
Of hostile Arms colleagued ; JEPHTHA, the
fam'd,
The mighty Man of Valour, great in Arms.

Second Elder. O how shall we behold his
injur'd Face,
From *Gilead's* Plains, his native Seats, expell'd,
To seek
Another Dwelling in another Land !

S C E N E II.

JEPHTHA, Elders of Gilead.

First Elder. O mighty Leader, see, beneath
thy Feet,
Thy native Country, prostrate *Gilead*, lies.
Behold her ravag'd Borders, view her Fields
With hostile Arms o'erspread, and *Jordan* swell'd
Above his Banks, with passing Hosts surcharg'd.
JAIR, our Leader, sleeps; in *Camon* sleeps;
And *Israel* now, on *Mispeh's* Plains encamp'd,
Sees all around the *Ammonitish* Tents
Whiten her Fields; and ev'ry Moment waits
His Ruin imminent; — unless his God,
Indulgent, some belov'd Deliverer raise.

A I R.

Jeph. Where are your Gods, your Idol-Train,
Where all their boasted Power?
Do they your Cries, your Tears disdain,
In this distressful Hour?
Go — to your chosen Idols bow;
Let them deliver *Israel* now.

First Eld. Shameful Remembrance ! with
repentant Tears,
Ne'er to be wash'd away — yet shall they flow,
In

In humblest Hope of Pardon. O be Thou,
 O great in Arms, in peaceful Wisdom fam'd,
 JEPHTHA, be thou the Instrument of Heav'n.—
 Shew *Israel's* God again is *Israel's* Friend,
 And owns our Cause by Conquest. Go, chastise
 These lawless Sons of *Ammon*.

D U E T.

First and Second Elder.

*O think what Joy to him is given,
 Who saves his native Land from Woes!
 O think thou art the Hand of Heaven
 To thunder Vengeance on its Foes!*

Da Capo.

Jeph. Ill doth my native Land such Grace
 deserve;
 Nor well beseems it you, her Sons, to ask,
 Or us to grant. — Did ye not cast me out
 An Exile, tho' a Brother? Did ye not
 With hostile Treatment chace me from those
 Seats,
 Those pleasing, native Seats; to seek new Bre-
 thren,
 New Friends, new Lands, new Dwellings to
 inherit?
 And come ye now, cover'd with Guilt and
 Shame,
 With Fears dispirited, to ask my Aid
 'Gainst *Ammonitish* Arms? Necessity,
 It seems, hath taught you Justice.

Second

Second Eld. — Thou'rt our Hope,
Be thou our Head and Leader. —

A I R.

*Against these new Alarms,
Rais'd by this hostile Band,
Lead thou our conquering Arms,
And purge thy native Land;
As thou'rt our only Hope, be thou our Guide,
To swell with Ammon's Blood our Jordan's
Tide.* Da Capo.

Jeph. Hence shameless Men ! Compassion
would be Guilt.

First Eld. Resent not now, but pity Gilead's
Crimes,
That call the vengeful Hand of Heav'n t'unsheath
The Bloody Sword, and fill her Fields with
Sorrow.

Drive but these Sons of *Ammon* from our Land,
Be Judge of Israel.

All Elders. *Be Judge of Israel.*

Jeph. Pity soothing melts my Soul,
And does each angry Thought controul ;
But Thou bear Witness, Israel's God,
'Tis not Ambition's lofty Charms,
Nor empty Fame my Rage disarms,
But Pity to the General Good.

Da Capo.

First

First Eld. Cherish that Pity—'tis a Godlike Guest.

Repentance, like a Cherub wing'd, hath reach'd
Th' Almighty Throne; and our Obeysance
vow'd

Our God accepts—Resemble *Israel's* Lord.

C H O R U S.

Elders. *Our Prayers with God Acceptance find,
Like Him be good, like Him be kind.*

Jeph. Thought I your vow'd Repentance
were sincere,
Not hungry Eagles shou'd with swifter Wing
Dart on their Morning Prey, than on these Sons
Of lawless Rapine JEPHTHA's deadly Vengeance.

First Eld. Behold, before our God with
Shame we bend,
And to his great Commands Obedience swear,
Willing Obedience—Adoration due.

C H O R U S.

*Thou, universal Lord,
For ever be ador'd!
Our Idol-Shrines in Dust are laid,
Our helpless Gods to Earth cast low;
Part of that Earth of which they're made,
To which they all their Godhead owe:
Henceforth to Thee, and only Thee,
Israel shall bow the Knee.*

Thou

*Thou, universal Lord,
For ever be ador'd!*

Jeph. No more—with Joy I undertake
your Cause,
To Heav'n reconcil'd;—and to the Lord,
The Merciful, the Just, be JEPHTHA'S Thanks
For ever paid, who JEPHTHA'S Arm hath rais'd
In Israel's Behalf, to Great JEHOVAH'S
Glory.

A I R.

*God of Hosts, whom we adore,
For thy People strike once more!
May JEPHTHA to his Home return,
With joyful Sound
Of Conquest crown'd,
And Ammon's Sons his Fury mourn.
There, what first shall meet my Eye,
Of purest Virgin Blood,
A Victim worthy God,
Shall to Him devoted die.
Here with lifted Hands I bow,
To confirm this sacred Vow.*

CHORUS, with warlike Instruments.

*God of Hosts, whom we adore,
For thy People strike once more!
May JEPHTHA to his Home return,
With joyful Sound
Of Conquest crown'd,
And Ammon's Sons his Fury mourn.*

PART II.

The Scene continues.

SCENE I. JEPHTHA returning in Triumph,
Soldiers, Elders of Gilead, &c.

Grand CHORUS.

*The Foes of Gilead are no more,
Ammon our Fury mourns.*

JEPHTHA, with Conquest crown'd, returns,
And Slaughter's Work is o'er.

AIR.

Jeph. O God, we own thy Mighty Hand;
*To Thee the Praise be giv'n:
Who call'd Us from a stranger Land,
To act the Will of Heav'n.*

CHORUS.

*Be all the Fame
Of JEPHTHA's Name,
To act the Will of Heav'n.*

JEPHTHA's Daughter, and Chorus of Virgins,
within the House.

AIR and CHORUS.

*Awake, awake each joyful Strain,
And strike the trembling Strings:
JEPHTHA returns, with Conquest crown'd,
Let ev'ry Voice his Triumph sound;
Sweet Peace he brings
On downy Wings;
And ev'ry Joy in his victorious Train.*

B

SCENE

SCENE II. JEPHTHA, *Soldiers, Elders of
Gilead, JEPHTHA's Daughter, Virgins, &c.*

Recitative accompany'd.

Jeph. What do I see, O Heav'n?

Daught. O my Father,
With Joy I hail thy wish'd Return.

Jeph. My Child!
Oh! my ill-fated Vow—curst be the Day
That gave me Life—yet, let me not blaspheme,
But bow submits to Great JEHOVAH's
Pleasure.

Daught. O whence this dreadful Change?
What means thy Head,
With Horror turn'd away? th' averted Eye,
Fill'd with sad Tears, fix'd motionless on Earth?
Is This my Welcome? this a Daughter's Joy,
That flies with open Arms, and cheerful Smiles,
To meet a dear-belov'd, victorious Father?

A I R.

*Ah! my foreboding Fears!
What mean those flowing Tears,
Those Sorrows that weigh down thy Head;
Those Sighs suppress'd,
That tear thy Breast,
And o'er thy Frame such Horror spread?
Why all this Shew
Of silent Woe,
Our promis'd Joy to Sorrow turning,
Our Songs of Triumph into Mourning?*

Jeph.

Jeph. O Heav'n! with Pity view a Father's
Fondness,
That wou'd expostulate with Justice Infinite,
And tax eternal Mercy!—No, 'tis I,
'Tis I alone have call'd this Ruin down,
And in my own involv'd a Daughter's Fate.

A I R.

*Thou sweetest Joy by Heav'n bestow'd;
The Spring, whence all my Comforts flow'd,
Art now my only Cause of Woe.
My Child; my fond, my only Dear,
Must Thou to Me this Doom severe,
Ah! must thou to a Father owe!*

Da Capo.

Daught. O speak — disclose my Doom — I
stand prepar'd,
To meet the worst a Father can inflict —
A Father on his duteous Child, belov'd.
And by long Love endear'd. — Ah! why that
Groan?

Jeph. 'Tis thou, my Child — 'tis thou alone
hast Power,
To force a Groan from JEPHTHA.

Daught. — O my Lord,
Am I, am I the Cause? O let me fly
Far from thy Sight, ne'er to behold thee more —

A I R.

*If I thy Grief,
Thy Tears employ,
Once thy Relief,
So late thy Joy;*

To

*To silent Floods,
 To lonesome Woods,
 Far from thine Eye
 O let me fly,
 Where never human Foot did trace——
 —In Shades conceal'd I'll lie;
 There retiring,
 There expiring
 Willing die,
 To buy a Father's Peace.*

Da Capo.

O blot me from thy Mind——

Jeph. O that I cou'd!

*Daught. Now speak thy worst——unfold the
 fatal Tale;*

*Tho' instant Death be there, I'll stand the Stroke,
 For JEPHTHA wou'd forget me——*

Jeph. Heav'n's Will be done!

A I R.

*O Thou most dear,
 Thy Soul prepare.
 To meet the Doom I've sworn——
 See, at thy Feet I bow;
 Forgive my fatal Vow,
 That from my Breast my Child has torn.*

Da Capo.

Recitative accompany'd.

*I vow'd, before I fought the War,
 If Heav'n with Conquest paid my Care,——
 I vow'd—(yet oh! how wilt thou bear
 Death from a Father's Tongue to bear?)*

What

*What Virgin from my House first met my
Eye,*

*(Oh! how can I relate
A Daughter's Fate!)*

*What Virgin from my House first met my Eye,
Shou'd to Heav'n devoted die.*

C H O R U S.

Elders of Gilead.

*O God of Might! what means this Stroke?
The Cup of Joy, with Triumph crown'd,
How hast Thou dash'd it to the Ground,
And all in Pieces broke!*

A I R.

*First Eld. But Oh! behold the princely Pair,
Sunk beneath this Weight of Care —*

In Grief too Great for Words,

They cast their watry Orbs below,

In dumb, unutterable Woe, —

Now He expands

His lifted Hands;

She casts on Heav'n a tearful Eye,

As Each would challenge Succour from the Sky:

Nor Heav'n, nor Earth a Remedy affords.

C H O R U S.

Elders of Gilead.

But, see! the dreadful Conflict's o'er;

Their unexpressive Grief

Finds in their Innocence Relief,

And vanquish'd Death hath lost his Pow'r.

Jeph.

Jeph. Can Heav'n delight in Guiltless Blood?
 Shall JEPHTHA,
 The Judge of *Israel*, like the Nations round,
 Offer his Child, and *Israel's* God blaspheme
 With *Moluch's* horrid Rites? Ah! No. —

Daught. — No more —
 Hast thou not Sworn? — Is not thy Vow re-
 ceived
 By *Israel's* God, and Thou return'd with Con-
 quest?

Jeph. At such a Deed my very Nature starts,
 And Reasons stands irresolute — Away,
 I will defeat my Vow; and rather fall
 My Self the Sacrifice. —

Daught. Ah! — never, — No —
 Never shall JEPHTHA'S Race to *Israel's* Sons
 Be fatal deem'd — nor will I be the Cause
 Of that sure Vengeance, that must needs await
 Thy broken Vow, sworn in the Face of Heav'n.

Jeph. O matchless Virtue! — Here, ye Sons
 of *Israel*,
 Behold your Victim.

All. *Unexampled Maid!*

Jeph. O might I die for Thee! — how should
 I fall,
 A willing Sacrifice!

Recitative accompany'd.

Daught. That must not be —
 Well dost thou reach me, that the Pangs of Death
 Are nought, when *Israel* and a Father asks 'em —
 Yet, e'er I fall, grant this my last Request.

A I R.

*Let me awhile defer my Fate,
And to the Mountains fly:
There to bewail my Virgin State,
And then return — and die.*

Recitative accompany'd.

*Jeph. Go, and with humble Tears, and ceaseless Prayers,
Invoke our God.— O may He grant thee Strength
T'encounter Death as bold, as in the Field
I've sought him in the Front of Israel's Host,
Begirt with all his Terrors! — Oh! Farewell. —*

A I R.

*Jeph. Here let me hold Thee to my Heart, —
And must we then for ever part?*

*Daught. Cease, cease to mourn:
Again I shall return —*

Jeph. Again return, to die!

Cho. A Victim worthy Israel's Lord!

Jeph. Once more my Child; — one last Embrace,

E'er thou in Death our Name deface! —

*Daught. It is decreed,
And I must Bleed.*

Both. Obey the Lord on high.

Grand

Grand CHORUS.

Israel's Daughters, a fair Virgin Train,
Shall each returning Tear
In mourning Weeds appear,
And weep thy Virgin State,
In Honour of thy Fate.
Two rolling Suns twice told,
Shall these their Rites behold,
And JEPHTHA's Daughter live in their be-
wailing Strain.

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